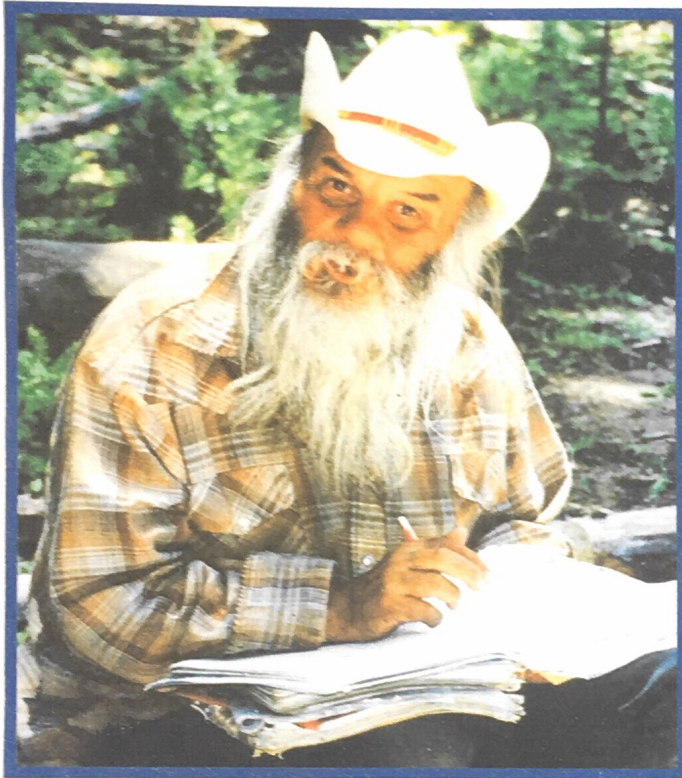




Rainbow Family

Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.*

Scanned in 2018.

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07.F MOON CRICKET - "The Gathering
Found Me"

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MOON CRICKET The Gathering Found Me

[In his story Moon Cricket tells of the food crisis at the 1982 John Gathering, which nearly led to a serious confrontation. For another side of the story, see Crazy John's account.]

MOON CRICKET

Have you ever heard the song, "Paul's Ministry?"

"I'll send you to the Gentiles, I'll send you to Rome,
But Paul, you must suffer till I call you home."

I love to hear my mother sing that. She sings it with such feeling. My mom is an excellent vocalist. She's been asked to record. She's been on the radio gospel singing. My mom is very, very religious in her Christianity. Her voice is starting to crack. She's had a rough life with my old man.

My dad can play any kind of stringed instrument - banjo, mandolin, fiddle. He didn't make it past eighth grade. He's been a hard working man all his life. He's a welder. I respect my old man very deeply. He's an alcoholic.

I was born in East Chicago, Indiana, in 1956. My parents are both from Kentucky. I'm of hillbilly descent. Kentucky is a beautiful state. I worked down there one summer doing farm work. I didn't stay down there too long because work is scarce.

My parents got divorced once and got back together again. I helped keep the family together. Because I'm the oldest son, the weight was on me. But I'm considered a prodigal son by my own denotation. I was raised Southern Baptist and I believe that is the true form of Christianity because they take the Bible literally.

I dropped out of high school my senior year. I had two months left. I was two credits short and they wouldn't let me make it up. I was in the Army for 13 months from March '74 to April Fool's Day '75. I got

out for inability to adapt. From there I went to work in the steel mills. I got fired from there because I missed too much work. I've been rambling around the country ever since, searching for my identity.

I'm used to hard work. I'm a welder and a carpenter's helper. The only work I don't like to do is concrete construction and pearl diving - dishwashing. Once I was doing five tubs of dishes at a time at a restaurant. I told the owner I'd like a nickel an hour raise. He said, "You'll have to keep the place cleaner." I just asked for my pay and left. About two years later, he asked me to come back on his work crew. He couldn't find anyone to work as hard as I did. He had two people doing the job I did, high school punks who had never been out of the city, and I had traveled all over the country. I laughed at him and said, "No way, buddy." I wouldn't for less than \$4.

I started writing songs when I was about 12. I've been with bands as a vocalist and a lyricist. I've written country and western songs, jazz songs, rock 'n roll songs, gospel songs. Four years ago I had over 100 songs ripped off, the best I had ever written. I was getting ready to copyright them. A year's work was gone. It's given me a lot of hellacious head trips. I've been in two mental institutions as a result of two suicide attempts. I had a complete future taken away from me. Now I'm trying to build another one. Maybe it was not meant for me to be in the music industry and that's why I'm not there. I'm beginning to accept it.

I was doing downers when I was writing songs a lot. That was the influence behind my music. At one time I was a Satan worshipper. That was the only way I could write some of the lyrics I wrote. I was taking scriptures from

the Bible and turning them into Satanic songs. I got exorcised last year by a very powerful Baptist evangelist in Indiana, the Rev. John Pope. He told me he had been fasting for three days before he met me and I was the end of his fast.

I have two kids, one six and one four. I don't even remember their names. I've never been married. My parents don't even know I have children. I pray for my two boys.

The gathering found me. I didn't find it. I ran into Medicine Tools in Denver and he told me about it. I had been thinking seriously about cashing my chips in. The gathering was my last chance. It's given me new hope and new vision.

From what I understand, this Idaho is the roughest gathering. Seed camp was rough. It got down below freezing quite a few times. Everyone was sick, so me and another guy was the only ones hauling in wood sometimes. There was about 50 people there. They brought in a roast and ribs from the dumpsters - 70 pounds of meat. The only buses there was Barry's and Juan Bizarro's and I heard they got 30 pounds of the meat.

Michael John did not like this site at all. He thought it was too rugged for 10,000 people and we told him to stuff it. He wouldn't send food. That's why we had it so rough. I didn't get to read what Michael John said about us in the paper. I heard reviews of it from other people. Most of them are still steamed about it.

I asked Michael John at this camp, "When you knew the camp was here, why did you send people to other places in Idaho?" and he said, "I didn't do that. Maybe my wife did that." I said, "Bullshit."

Michael John was selling the Rainbow Nation Guide for \$3 when it should have been free. I think that was the reason for his hassle with Barry. I think it was just head hippie games, myself. The only way Michael John could get back at Barry

was to mess with the Family. After all this came down, I moved out of this camp to Eagle's Nest Ridge to get away from all the bickering. Up there it was just rock'n roll musicians that hung out there - two very talented street musicians from Berkeley.

I'm in the middle. I'm a road dog and I'm a New Age person because of the things I've done in the past. I've run with the jet set and with the road dogs. That's why maybe when there was a conflict, I was led to bring it to a head. I don't feel good about this gathering. I think it was ridiculous, the bickering that went on. I'd like to talk to Michael John and Barry together.

As far as I'm concerned, you aren't gonna find a better group of people in the world than road dogs. You may find a weird ones, but in essence they're what made up this gathering. I myself, I helped build Hippie House Calks, the medical center. I was asked to direct the energies for it. I helped tear down the dead trees for the construction of it.

Wild Man was ready to start a vigilante against Bus Village - in particular against Juan Bizarro, because we knew they was living on sausage and eggs and we was eating wheat berries. I talked Wild Man out of it. When the Bus Village heard about it, they turned the bank over to Kalef, no questions asked, and he turned it over to Rowdy. Rowdy I do trust. I didn't like Barry or trust him, but I feel different about him the more I hear of him. I'll probably give him an apology next year for what I said about him. I have a big mouth. It's pretty well all worked out now. I was taking my own head trips out on the Family. I'm sorry I did it, but had to do it or else I wouldn't have enjoyed the end of this gathering. I would have done been gone.

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After the gathering, I'm going with the Imagination Caravan and the people I'm going with are going to stop at Michael John's and use his hot tubs. I'm gonna try to talk them out of being rowdy. The basic theme of the Imagination Caravan is to entertain. We're actors, musicians, writers - we're all road dogs,

[Like many Rainbow projects, the Imagination Caravan scattered quickly.]